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APPENDIX

TO THE

PSALMS,

USED AT

KEY-STREET,

AND

BENN'S-GARDEN CHAPELS,

IN

LIVERPOOL.

PRINTED FOR J. GORE.

MDCCLXXXVII.

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A P P E N D I X

TO THE

P S A L M S, &c.

PSALM LXXI. Long Metre.

Praise to God from all Nature,

- 1 **N**ATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
 God the Creator and the King;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Begin to make his glories known,
 Ye angels, that furround his throne;
 Exalt your strains, and spread the sound
 To the creation's utmost bound.

- 3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with your souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

PSALM LXXII. Short Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **Y**E nations, praise the LORD,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 While angels sound his praise,
Let mortals learn their strains,
Let all the earth his honours raise;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Praise him with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 Far be his honour spread;
And let his praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be chang'd no more.
- 5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

Sincere Praise.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!
 How wond'rous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every drefs
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousands ways t' exprefs
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too,
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my GOD, my soul, ascend,
 In grateful songs of praise.

PSALM LXXIV. Proper Tune.

Praise to GOD in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 **P**RAISE to GOD, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use:
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PAUSE.

- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
- 9 Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

PSALM LXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to God in Life and Death.

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Thro' all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When

PART III.

When gloomy care and deep distress,
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life with all its active pow'rs
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

Then shall her pow'rs in endless strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angels tongue,
And an eternal day.

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD through all the Changes of Life.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father, and my God;
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise?

In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies glide each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

- 5 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God;
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 6 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then will I close mine eyes in death
Without one anxious fear,
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

PSALM LXXVII. Proper Tune.

Praise to God by all Mankind.

- 1 **O** COME all ye sons of Adam and raise
A song unto God: how lovely his praise!
Adore him, who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love.
- 2 His breath is your life, your reason a ray
Effus'd from his light to guide all your ways;
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.
- 3 Dash down your false Gods of silver and stone,
Him worship who made earth and heaven alone;
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive,
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.
- 4 O Father of men, in mercy command
Thy gospel to shine on all human land;
That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

PART III.

PSALM LXXVIII. Short Metre.

Christian Sons of God.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
It doth not yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our SAVIOUR here,
We shall be like our head.
A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.
If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba* Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

PSALM LXXIX. Common Metre.

For Easter Sunday.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descending like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.
The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

- 3 Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of JUDAH's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And LORD of all below,
Thro' him his pardoning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.
- 6 And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.
- 7 To thee, my Saviour, and my king,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

PSALM LXXX. Proper Tune.

For Easter Sunday.

- 1 **A**NGEL! roll the rock away;
Hallelujah *!
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See he rises from the tomb;
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise,
Let the world's remotest bound
Here the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song
Let the strains be sweet and strong;

Shout

* *Hallelujah* to be repeated after every line.

hout the Son of God, this morn
rom his sepulchre new born.

Hail, victorious Jesus, hail;
On thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph thro' the sky
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's, and thy own.

Powers of heaven, seraphic fires
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where O death, thy mortal sting?

PSALM LXXXI. Common Metre.

The Divine Presence the good Man's Consolation.

TO thee my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.

Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

The vacant hour, the active scene
Thy mercy shall approve;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;

And

And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present GOD surveys.

- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my GOD is nigh.
- 6 Strip'd of its little earthly all
My soul in smiles shall go;
And in a heav'nly heritage,
Its father's bounty know.

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

The Equity of the Divine Dispensations.

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, who can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty share
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?
- 2 With diff'ring climes and diff'ring lands,
With fruitful plains and barren sands,
Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.
- 3 With like variety thy ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;
While all are in their measure show'd
The way to happiness and God
- 4 O the unbounding grace which brought
To us the words by JESUS taught!
So blest and with such hopes inspir'd,
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd!

PSALM LXXXIII. Short Metre.

Worldly Anxiety reprov'd.

- 1 **W**HY do I thus perplex
My life, a breath of air,
With fears of distant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitless care?

Can thought and toil increase
My days appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?

These covetous desires,
These restless cares I leave
To them whose hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.

Will he whose bounty gave
My life, its food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not supply?

Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace stand,
With what rich dies their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.

Then, let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay:
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

To nobler work applied
My soul shall upwards climb;
And trust my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

PSALM LXXXIV. Common Metre.

The LORD's Prayer imitated.

FATHER of all! eternal mind!
Immensely good and great!
Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly seat.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise:
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our chearful homage raise.
- 3 As angels round thy seat above,
Thy blest commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heavenly will.
- 4 On thee we day by day depend,
Our daily wants supply:
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our souls which never die.
- 5 Extend thy grace to every fault,
Oh! let thy love forgive:
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.
- 6 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread:
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.
- 7 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
With joyful humble mind:
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfin'd.

PSALM LXXXV. Long Metre.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

But I should rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

LORD, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this

PSALM LXXXVI. Long Metre.

An Evening Hymn.

THUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
His ever-watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my head.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus

- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the found.

PSALM LXXXVI. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
From heaven the streams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their woe.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for JESUS' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the LORD,
Glory and joy are their reward.

PSALM LXXXVII. Common Metre.

The Advantages of early Religion.

HAPPY the man whose early years
Receive instruction well:
Who hates the sinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

PSALM LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Inconstancy in Religion.

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name:
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

On us, all-worthless as we are,
Its wond'rous mercy pours;
Sure as the heav'ns establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.

B

5 Inconstant

- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Arm'd with thine energy divine
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

PSALM LXXXIX. Long Metre.

Justice.

- 1 **M**Y soul abjure th' unhappy throng,
Whose prosp'ring wealth increases fast
By fraud, by violence, and wrong,
Still thriving for the thunders blast.
- 2 If high or low my station be,
Of noble, or ignoble name,
By uncorrupted honesty
Thy blessing, LORD, I'd humbly claim.
- 3 Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,
Thy providence shall be my trust;
Thou wilt provide my portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 4 O may I with sincere delight
To all the task of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

Each virtue thou wilt not forget
 In worlds where every virtue shares
 A fit reward, tho' not of debt,
 But what thy boundless grace prepares.

PSALM XC. Common Metre.

Equity.

COME, let us search our ways, and try,
 Have they been just and right;
 Is the great rule of equity
 Our practice and delight?

What we would have our neighbour do,
 Have we still done the same?
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
 Nor injur'd his good name?

Do we relieve the poor distress'd?
 Nor give our tongues a loose,
 To make their names our scorn and jest,
 Nor treat them with abuse?

Have we not found our envy grow,
 To hear another's praise?
 Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
 By sly malicious ways?

In all we sell, and all we buy,
 Is justice our design?
 Do we remember God is nigh,
 And fear the wrath divine?

In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
 And boast his name in vain,
 If we can slight the laws of God,
 And prove unjust to men.

PSALM XCI. Common Metre.

Prudence.

- 1 **O** 'Tis a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls;
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury rise:
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the SAVIOUR of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

PSALM XCII. Common Metre.

Fidelity.

- 1 **L** ET those who bear the christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints, the followers of the lamb,
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear:
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
 Nor flattering words devise:
 They know the GOD of truth can see
 Through every false disguise.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,
 In all the shapes it wears;
 Firm to the truth; and when they die,
 Eternal life is theirs.

PSALM XCIII. Common Metre.

Christian Charity.

BEHOLD where breathing love divine
 Our dying master stands!
 His weeping followers gathering round
 Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.

" Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
 " Feels all another's pain;
 " To whom the supplicating eye
 " Was never rais'd in vain:

" Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 " A stranger's woes to feel;
 " And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 " He wants the power to heal.

" He spreads his kind supporting arms
 " To every child of grief;
 " His secret bounty largely flows,
 " And brings unmask'd relief.

" To gentle offices of love
 " His feet are never slow;
 " He views thro' mercy's melting eye
 " A brother in a foe.

- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,
 "My peace to him I give;
 "And when he kneels before the throne,
 "His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shewn;
 "And mercy from above
 "Descend on those who thus fulfil
 "The perfect law of love."

PSALM XCIV. Short Metre.

Mercy.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a wretch in woe,
 A fellow-mortal mourns:
 My eyes with tears of pity flow,
 My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry,
 The famish'd beg for bread:
 O let my spring its stream supply,
 My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 Lo, the poor debtor sues
 Pale at the penal threat,
 A starving family he shews;
 I cancel all the debt.
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
 Touch'd by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 "Nor will offend again?"
- 5 How else, on sprightly wing,
 Can hope bear high my pray'r
 Up to thy throne, my God, my king,
 To plead for pardon there?
- 6 The pitiful and kind
 Thy pity will repay;
 With thee shall the forgiving find
 A sweet forgiving day.

But justice lifts her scale
 And shakes her rod on high ;
 Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail
 The sons of cruelty.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

The Right and Duty of private Judgment.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
 And dreads a curious eye :
 Thy doctrines, LORD, the test invite,
 They bid us search and try.

LORD, to thy word we bring
 A meek, enquiring mind ;
 And, joyful, at salvation's spring
 Refreshing truth we find.

With understanding blest,
 Created to be free,
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,
 Subject to none but thee.

O LORD, our spirit lead,
 With soundest knowledge fill ;
 From noxious error guard our creed,
 From prejudice our will.

The truth once learn'd impress
 With favour on our heart ;
 And help us firmly to profess
 'Gainst all seducing art.

PSALM XCVI. Long Metre.

The Christian Warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake of thy fears,
 And gird the gospel-armour on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where JESUS thy great captain's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist the course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy SAVIOUR nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in thy glorious leader's praise.

PSALM XCVII. Short Metre.

The Changes of Human Life appointed by God.

- 1 **A**S various as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the moon of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given:
His dark and prosp'ring hours advance
By the fix'd laws of heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordain'd by wisest will.

Let man conform his mind
 To every changing state;
 Rejoicing now, and now resign'd
 Nor vainly strive with fate.

Hopeful and humble bear
 Thy evil and thy good:
 Nor by presumption, nor despair,
 Weak mortals, be subdu'd.

PSALM XCVIII. Short Metre.

Our Lives in the Hand of God.

SOV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,
 Lo! mortal men by thousands die!
 One glance from thee at once brings down
 The proudest brow, that wears the crown.

Banish'd at once from human sight
 To the dark grave's unchanging night,
 Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
 We hide our solitary head.

The friendly band no more shall greet,
 Accents familiar once, and sweet:
 No more the well-known features trace,
 No more renew the fond embrace.

Yet if my father's faithful hand
 Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,
 My soul with pleasure shall obey,
 And follow where he leads the way.

He nobler friends, than here I leave,
 In brighter surer worlds can give;
 Or by the beamings of his eye
 A lost creation well supply.

PSALM XCIX. Short Metre.

Support in Death.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes adieu,
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.
- 4 But see a ray of light,
With splendours all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.
- 5 Where death and darkness reigns,
JEHOVAH is my stay:
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.
- 6 Kind shepherd lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since life's great LORD is near.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

Humility.

- 1 **W**AS pride, alas, e'er made for man,
Blind, erring, guilty creature he;
His birth so mean, his life a span,
His wisdom less than vanity?

PART III.

27

Tho' wealth and power with dazzling rays
And pageant state this nothing dress;
On the fair idol shall we gaze,
And envy that as happiness.

JESUS, by thy instruction taught,
Our foolish passions are repres'd:
We blush at our misguided thought,
And see and call the humble blest'd.

To know ourselves, to learn of thee,
And bend our necks beneath the throne;
Thus dictates wise humility,
This makes the wealth of heaven our own.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Presence of GOD our Joy and Support.

AS the good shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the flow'ry landscapes flow.

So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps controul;
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He leads me back to virtue's ways.

Tho' I should journey thro' the plains,
Where death in all its horror reigns;
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, O LORD, art with me there.

By thee with peace and plenty blest,
My life is one continu'd feast;
Thy ever-watchful providence
Is my support and my defence.

O bounteous God! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house thy sacred name
And wond'rous grace shall be my theme.

PSALM

PSALM CII. Common Metre.

In a Time of Sickness.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, LORD,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth, beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM CIII. Proper Metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours! how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold arrests of death,
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

LORD, shall it be for ever said,
 The race of man was only made
 For sickness, sorrow, and the dust!
 Are not thy servants day by day
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
 LORD where's thy kindness to the just?

Hast thou not promis'd to thy son
 And all his seed a heav'nly crown?

But flesh and sense indulge despair:
 For ever blessed be the LORD,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

For ever blessed be the LORD,
 Who gives his saints a large reward
 For all their toil, reproach and pain:
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
 And each repeat their loud Amen.

PSALM CIV. Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O GOD of love, return!
 Earth is a tiresome place;
 How long shall we thy children mourn
 Our absence from thy face?

Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease;
 And in proportion to our tears,
 So make our joys encrease.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thy own work compleat;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne,
 In all thy goodness, LORD;

And

And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM CV. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days,
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in fight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM CVI. Long Metre.

Health, Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thy arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;

on as thy face began to hide,
 My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
 cry'd aloud to thee, my God;
 What canst thou profit by my blood?
 Deep in the dust can I declare
 Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

Hear me, O GOD of grace, I said,
 Nor let me sink among the dead:"
 Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.

My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM CVII. Long Metre.

Storm and Thunder.

GIVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the LORD renown and pow'r;
 Scribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.

The LORD proclaims his pow'r aloud
 Over the ocean and the land;
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.

He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
 Sweep the wide forest bare around;
 The fearful hart and frighted hind
 Leap at the terror of the sound.

- 4 The LORD sits sovereign on the flood;
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest adode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 5 In gentler language there the LORD
The counsel of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

The good Man's Resolution.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my GOD my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly king,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O GOD, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thy eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falshood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my fight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CIX. Long Metre.

The Mutability of the Creation.

GREAT Former of this various frame!

Our souls adore thy awful name;
 And bow and tremble while they praise
 The ancient of eternal days.

For days a transient period run,
 And change with ev'ry circling sun;
 And in the firmest state we boast
 No moth can crush us into dust.

Let the creatures fall around;
 Let death consign us to the ground;
 Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies:

As firm as the summer's ocean, we
 In all the wreck of nature see;
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

The Love of GOD the greatest Blessing.

GOD to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain;
 And towns without his wakeful eye
 An useless watch maintain.

Before the morning-beams arise,
 Your painful work renew,
 And till the stars ascend the skies
 Your tiresome toil pursue.

Port be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
 In vain, till GOD hath blest;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.

- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

PSALM CXI. Long Metre.

GOD the Protector of good Men.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing scene,
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
 Thro' ev'ry age, eternal GOD,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
 In thee our fathers still are blest;
 And while the tomb confines their dust,
 In thee their souls abide and trust,
- 3 Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,
 Awhile to fill our fathers place;
 Our helpless state with pity view,
 And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Thro' all the thorny paths we trace
 In this uncertain wilderness,
 When friends desert and foes invade,
 Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
 And we must dwell in flesh no more,
 To thee our sep'rate souls shall come,
 And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave;
 Them may their fathers GOD receive;
 That voices yet unform'd may raise
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

The Ways of the Upright known to GOD.

TO thee, my God, my days are known;
 My soul enjoys the thought;
 My actions all before thy face,
 Nor are my faults forgot.

Each secret breath devotion vents
 Is vocal to thy ear;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before thy eye appear.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
 Thy mercy shall approve,
 And ev'ry page of sympathy,
 And ev'ry care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light
 Is gilded by thy rays,
 And dark affliction's midnight gloom,
 A present God surveys.

All in thy view thro' life I pass,
 And in thy view I die;
 And when each mortal bond is broke,
 Shall find my God is nigh.

Stripp'd of its little earthly all,
 My soul in smiles shall go;
 And in a heav'nly heritage
 Its father's bounty know.

PSALM CXIII. Common Metre.

GOD's Condescension in his tender Care of Mankind.

AND will the majesty of heav'n
 Accept us for his sheep?
 And with a shepherd's tender care
 Such worthless creatures keep?

- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Thro' pastures ever green?
- 4 What thanks can mortal men repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine?
- 5 Eternal GOD, how mean are we!
How richly gracious thou!
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

PSALM CXIV. Short Metre.

God's Care of those who trust in him.

- 1 **H**OW gentle GOD's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come cast your burdens on the LORD,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approv'd
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PSALM CXV. Common Metre.

Unfruitfulness under Gospel Privileges.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound

Of thy salvation, LORD;

Yet still how weak my faith is found,

And knowledge of thy word!

Yet I frequent thy holy place,

And hear almost in vain;

How small a portion of thy grace,

My memory can retain!

O thou great Almighty, and my God,

How little art thou known

By all the judgments of thy rod,

And blessings of thy throne!

How cold and feeble is my love!

How negligent my fear!

How low my hopes of joys above!

How few affections there!

O great God, thy quick'ning pow'r impart,

To give thy word success;

Write thy salvation in my heart,

And make me learn thy grace.

Renew my forgetful feet the way

That leads to joys on high;

Where knowledge grows without decay,

And love shall never die.

PSALM CXVI. Common Metre.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?

Or shake when death draws nigh?

The messenger which JESUS sends

To call them to the sky.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we with the hours more flow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of JESUS lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the faints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations under ground;
Ye faints ascend the skies.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

The Conquest of Death and Grief by Views of the happy State.

- 1 **L**IFT up, ye faints, your weeping eyes;
Suspend your sorrows and your sighs;
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,
Which JESUS dictates to your tongues.
- 2 Thus saith the Saviour from his throne,
"Behold all former things are gone,
"Past like an anxious dream away,
"Chas'd by the golden beams of day.
- 3 "See in celestial pomp array'd,
"A new-created world display'd;

Mark with what light its prospects shine!
How grand, how various, how divine!

There my own gentle hand shall dry
Each tear from each o'erflowing eye;
For ever there my people dwell,
Beyond the rage of death and hell."

in king of terrors, boast no more
My antient wide-extended pow'r;
Each faint in life with CHRIST his head
Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

PSALM CXVIII. Common Metre.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

And you, my eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
His gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

Could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

When should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

We should, almost, forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

PSALM CXIX. Short Metre.

The Death of Friends improved.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone?
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 GOD of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting friend;
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

PSALM CXX. Common Metre.

Life to be improved.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run!

Good God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
When shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Salvation by divine Grace.

NOW to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours giv'n;
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

Not for their duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He gave the gospel to mankind,
To form a people for his praise.

Jesus, the LORD, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
He declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

The final Happiness of the Righteous.

- 1 **A**TTEND my ear, my heart rejoice ;
 While JESUS from his throne,
 Amidst the bright angelic hosts,
 Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 When finners, banish'd from his face,
 To raging flames are driv'n,
 His voice with melody divine,
 Thus calls his saints to heav'n.
- 3 " Blest of my father, all draw near,
 " Receive the large reward ;
 " And rise with triumph to possess
 " The kingdom love prepar'd.
- 4 " Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
 " This sov'reign purpose wrought,
 " And rear'd those palaces divine
 " To which you now are brought.
- 5 " There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
 " Protected by my pow'r ;
 " While sin and hell, and pains and cares,
 " Shall vex your souls no more.
- 6 May CHRIST our glorious Saviour come,
 This jubilee proclaim,
 And teach us accents fit to praise
 So great, so dear a name.

PSALM CXXIII. Long Metre.

The Dissolution of the present World.

- 1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings
 Beyond the verge of mortal things ;
 See this vain world in smoke decay,
 And rocks and mountains melt away.

hold the fiery deluge roll
thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole;
the sun, no more thy lustre boast;
tremble and fall, ye starry host!

this wreck of nature all around,
the angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
loud the descending judge proclaim,
and echo his tremendous name.

children of Adam, all appear
with rev'rence round his awful bar;
or, as his lips pronounce, ye go
to endless bliss or hopeless woe.

LORD, to my eyes this scene display,
repeated thro' each revolving day,
and let thy grace my soul prepare
to meet its full redemption there!

PSALM CXXIV. Common Metre.

Saints glorified.

THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!

Whence all their white array?

How came they to the happy seats

Of everlasting day?

Patient they suffer'd for the LORD,

And did the will of GOD;

Thus they secur'd their maker's love,

And gain'd his blest abode.

Now they approach a spotless God,

And bow before his throne;

Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,

Adore the holy One.

The unveil'd glories of his face

Amongst his saints reside;

While the rich treasures of his grace

Sees all their wants supply'd.

- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising LORD;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our head in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, O blessed LORD,
We sacred honours pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation, and immortal praise
To our victorious king;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad *Hosannas* ring.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Ascension of CHRIST.

HOSANNA to the prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Redeemer rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!

Here our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our JESUS fills a glorious seat,
In his great Father's throne.

Raise your thanksgivings, mortal tongues,
For endless life restor'd;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our exalted LORD.

Right angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Redeemer's praise.

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

The Importance of early Piety.

INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey,
And see how youthful finners sport
In a destructive way!

- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around;
To bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them down,
Where hope can never come.
- 3 Reduce, O LORD, their wandring minds,
Amus'd with airy dreams;
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,
And be thy word their guide;
Till each the desert safely pass'd,
On Zion's hill abide.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Joy and Prosperity from the Blessing of God.

- 1 **S**INCE on our souls, eternal GOD,
With rays of favour shine!
O let thy mercy crown our days,
And all their round be thine!
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let ev'ry week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us thro' life's various scene,
Till all our labours cease;
And heav'n refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

PSALM CXXIX. Short Metre.

The Mercies of GOD leading to Repentance.

IS this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?

On us he bids the sun
 Shed his reviving rays;
 Or us the skies their circles run
 To lengthen out our days.

The brutes obey their GOD,
 And bow their necks to men;
 At we more base, more brutish things,
 Reject his easy reign.

Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes,
 And hourly as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

The Christian's Vow or Resolution.

GOD, by whose all-bounteous hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who thro' the changing scenes of life
 Hast all our fathers led.

To thee our humble vows we raise,
 To thee address our pray'r,
 And in thy kind and faithful hand,
 We leave each earthly care.

If thou thro' each perplexing path,
 Wilt be our constant guide;
 If thou wilt daily bread supply,
 And raiment wilt provide;

PART III

4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till all our dangers cease,
And grant that in thy lov'd abode
Our souls shall rest in peace.

5 To thee, our Father and our God,
We'll our whole selves resign,
And count that not our life alone,
But all we have is thine.

THE END.

